Volume LX CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 28, 1907 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Legend of the White Hand

This legend having often pleased me, I
With pleasure tell it now to you: A king
Had Aiden for his guest, and not a thing
Was missing from the feast; but soon a cry
A foam-flecked courier gave, "The people sigh,
Beseeching us for bread!" "The feast then bring,
Giving them, too, the silver dish!" "I'll sing
Of that white hand," said Aiden standing nigh.
The cry of war soon after filled the land,
And foremost 'mong the ones that fell in fight
Was royal Oswald with his little band;
His limbs were torn and face disfigured quite,
But there, untouched, the beautiful white hand
Redeemed the scene that met the saddened sight!

Waldron, Ind. —*Alonzo Rice.*

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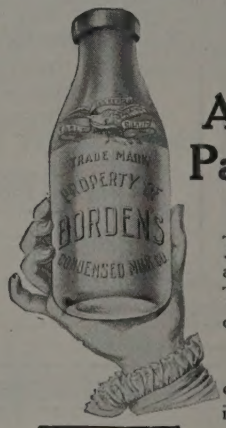

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907 NUMBER 13

AN ORIENTAL'S VIEW OF PEACE.

Search out the source of these pernicious wars,
Replete with horrors which the world abhors.
First, of the evil we must find the root;
* * *
Then seek a remedy to extirpate.
'Tis blended greed and ignorance that cause
Mankind to disregard its noblest laws.
And while these evils hold their direful sway,
The world can never know the peaceful day.
In every habitation we must preach
The doctrine of fraternity; and teach
That all the races of mankind are one,
All sharers of a universe where none
Has preference in the great Creator's sight
Who made one home for all born of his might.
—*Prince Arfa-ud-Daula.*

Our type failed to say last week that the admirable address on "The Relation of Christianity to Religion," by the Rev. Mr. Street of England, was one of the many addresses of great power delivered at the recent International Council of Liberal Religionists in the city of Boston.

Is the time coming when the "Captains of Industry," the masters of men, who, having through the help of toilers in times of prosperity amassed a fortune and have builded for themselves stately homes and filled the same with luxuries and elegancies that wait upon wealth, will, when the dark hours come, say to their laborers,—You stood by us and helped us to our competency in sunshine; now we will not forsake you in shadow but will divide with you the accumulations that are the result of our common toil and our common struggles?

It is an encouraging sign of the times to find the inheritors of wealth dedicating it to public service and in that way honoring those who left them the trust. It is reported that the heirs of one William Densmore are about to install water works in the village of Staatsburg, New York, in memory of their father. That man can afford to do without a frigid mausoleum in the graveyard so long as his memory is perpetuated by the hydrants on the street corner. Surely his memory will be kept green in the watered lawns and will be honored by the thirsty horses and children.

We publish in another column another prelude by Mr. Salter, this time concerning the late lamented Moncure D. Conway, one of the most original and unique characters in American letters. Mr. Conway must have been born with the microbes of investigation and protest thick in his blood, but the instincts of the reformer with those of the literary man were strangely compounded in his nature. He was a glorified newspaper reporter, bound to make everything that he touched picturesque and fetching. His conclusions were not always judicial or judicious, but they were always immediate and they were always honest. America has produced no man of letters whose sympathies ranged through so wide a field and whose vitality was more vital in whatever section of human interest he may have been found laboring. In the death of Mr. Conway one more hero of the heroic age in American history has fallen. For the true student of Mr. Conway's life will find that the central source of his power was found in his hatred of slavery, and his great contribution to progress was his service in the army that with more effective weapons than bullets and bayonets wrought for the emancipation of the American slave. And still there remain with us of that old guard Colonel Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, Frank Sanborn, and we fail to recall the fifth. Alas for the United States should its supply of prophets of liberty ever run out!

The battle cry for Sunday closing in Chicago is fairly on. One hundred sixty or more saloons will be indicted this week, and the combined capitalistic interests of the liquor trade will fight their case in the courts step by step. They promise to demand in each case a jury trial and to carry every verdict against them to the highest court. It is a pity that the plain question as to whether the state law of Illinois is as binding in Chicago as it is at Poplars Corners should have to be settled by such a slow, expensive and round about way. The Mayor of Chicago and his cabinet and presumably the council have openly and unblushingly assumed the position of nullifiers or secession. They defy the state law, not because it is not a good law or that it is not in force today, but because it cannot be enforced. And this claim is based on the fact that it has never been enforced and the people do not want it enforced. Nullification and secession on the part of states has been tried out at great cost in this country. Now the question is, can counties, cities or smaller sections defy state authority? It would seem as though there ought to be some way of bringing the Mayor and his followers to judgment and thus save time and much money of the liquor combines. For the battle now on is not primarily a battle with the drink appetite or even for-

eign habits, but it is a straight battle with the great capitalistic combine, the dollars and cents involved. The brewers are fighting the Sunday closing, not because they want the laboring man to have his beer, but because they want the laboring man's nickels.

The United States has already profited much from the more progressive, not to say democratic, provinces of his majesty, the King of England. From Australia and New Zealand have come our better election laws and many profitable suggestions concerning the care of dependent children and the treatment of crime. Now from our nearer neighbors, the Canadians, comes what seems to be an adequate if not almost an ideal adjustment of the problem of strikes and lockouts. President Eliot of Harvard University in the McClure Magazine for December gives a clarifying account of the Canadian "Industrial Disputes and Investigation Act" which has been in effect only since last March, but which has already accomplished most signal victories in the industrial struggles of Canada,—victories not of one side over another, but of both sides over their baser selves, their party prejudices and selfishness. UNITY has often urged the legitimacy and necessity of compulsory arbitration, believing that it was only the application of the principal of court adjudication so fundamental in civilization to the settling of problems too complicated to be reached by statutory legislation. But the word "compulsory" is distasteful alike to the American laborer and capitalist, and this Canadian act avoids the apparent tyranny. It does not compel either party to abide by the decision of the Commission, but it does compel the complainant to submit the case to the investigation and publicity of a properly constructed Commission and provides for an adequate publication of their findings before a lockout or strike is permitted. And experience already proves in Canada that such investigation and publicity almost inevitably leads to a bloodless solution, an amicable settlement. No one reading Dr. Eliot's article will hesitate to endorse his closing sentence,—"Careful studies ought to be made at once for the introduction of the principle and methods of this Canadian act into American legislation."

Last week the editor of UNITY undertook to arrive at some reliable figures as to the number of employes dismissed by the leading business houses of Chicago on account of the present financial distress, but he found such figures were not easy to reach. There is a strange reticence on the part of the press and business men in regard to such revealments, a hesitation based on what seems to us to be mistaken patriotism and very short-sighted business sagacity. Diagnosis is the first condition of successful treatment of a disease. One in close touch with Chicago business estimated that no less than three thousand small wage-earners, largely women and children, have been deprived of their daily dependence in the State street retail section alone, and perhaps two thousand more similar employes have been dismissed from the great mail-order houses of Chicago. Another in close touch with the business world thought that fifty thousand wage-earners dismissed by the great industries of Chicago was a very conservative estimate. This is saying nothing of the vast army engaged in railroad extension and other enterprises throughout the country that have been suspended. These figures may be far wide of the mark, but the true figures ought to be known; publicity concerning the same is a necessary safeguard to the business interests of the country. The real prosperity of the country depends not on the success of the banks in preserving their solvency or of the wealthy men to save their bonds, but it depends on giving adequate food and fuel to the multitude. To attribute the present financial anxiety to the attempt on the part of the executive or judicial departments of the state to bring the guilty to justice or to seek a fairer adjustment of life's burdens is like attributing a fire panic to the man who rings the alarm bell or to the firemen whose cars go thundering through the streets to the terror and dismay of the populace. It is blindness and wickedness to try to lull ourselves into complacency and comfort by refusing to face the solemn facts of life or to recognize the existence of the humiliating and threatening sins of the body politic.

What Are We Thankful For

Thanksgiving is a good time to discriminate between the realities and the seemings of virtue, between the boisterous and the silent forces of life, between the excitements that dissipate and disintegrate and the enthusiasms that build and restore.

In Chicago on the Thursday evening preceding Thanksgiving Day a great mass meeting of over two thousand students, as reported by the newspapers, gathered in the largest hall of the university to generate enthusiasm over the coming contest of brawn which took place on the Saturday following. Honored professors and officials sat on the platform; it is said that one-fourth of the audience was made up of lady students, technically known on the campus as "co-eds." One young lady, conspicuous for her wit and beauty, made fun on the platform by clever characterization of the players and "led the girls in the University yells." The hero of the occasion seemed to be the captain of the eleven who, after being carried about on the shoulders of his supporters, encouraged this university audience with classic diction as he predicted victory in the following terms: "The Chicago team are all scrappers to the finish and they will give to those Indians all they want and more, too!"

This great academic show closed with a pantomime of scalps and scalpers, war whoops and the valor of the savage war-path. The newspapers gave the further encouraging information that "the students of the

University of Chicago were betting as they never had before; that hundreds of dollars of Carlisle money was covered, seven to five."

The sequel of this explosion of enthusiasm has been fully told in the telegraphic dispatches of the newspapers. There is not a "small boy" in the Mississippi valley, at least, who does not know that the "Carlisle Indians" did "smite the Maroons of the Chicago University hip and thigh;" that they "chased them all over the ground," and that "they won the game after a terrible contest, to the tune of eighteen to eight."

The description and the facts are painfully reminiscent of the arena, the bullfight and the ring, which we are supposed to have outgrown. It is estimated that twenty-seven thousand people witnessed the mighty contest, that the majestic throng, of course, largely made up of Chicago backers, kept up their enthusiasm to the end, although the game was going badly against them. Twice at least the band of one hundred pieces was reported to have broken out in the college hymn and the great throng joined in the anomalous devotion. One conversant with the rules and experience of the "gridiron," who "had to go and take the children," pronounced the game an exceedingly clean one as games go. There was little slugging and no serious damage done. Of course four or five of the fellows had the wind knocked out of them, but they were all able to walk off the grounds without help." The writer cannot understand the sensations of a football player, but he remembers that when once or twice in his life "the wind was knocked out of him" he did not like the sensation and he was the recipient of much sympathy and not a little anxiety.

With all due respect to the Carlisle team, we venture to say that if there is anything in the doctrine of heredity the right team won last Saturday on the Marshall Field grounds of the University of Chicago. It was a demonstration of the dictum of the race course—"Blood will tell." If the blood in the veins of the Carlisle boys was more nearly allied to the instincts of the hunter, the subtleties of the warpath, the fierceness of the barbarian, they had the advantage of their foes.

UNITY confesses to being hopelessly "old fashioned" in its estimate of this "noble game" and is thereby wholly incapacitated to appreciate the "fine enthusiasm" over the "school of valor," the mental agility and the physical prowess exemplified in such a contest. We can but feel that the money, time, strength, and, above all, the fine enthusiasm and high *esprit de corps* could and might have been better directed on that beautiful day. We cannot but feel that the spirit as well as the voices of those who sang the hymns at the football contest lessened the interest and decimated the number of those who on the Sunday following were invited to join in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," under circumstances more conducive to devout feeling and with surroundings more fitting to religious exercises.

But be that as it may, the ghastly figures of violence offered by the Chicago *Record-Herald,* in the same issue that registered the triumph of the "Indians" and the defeat of the "Maroons," confront us, and we confess that the enthusiasm reported in the one column does not blind us to the grewsome nature of the figures in the other column. This paper has been keeping close tab upon the casualties of football, reporting the same from time to time. The season is not yet completed, the reports are not all in, but up to Sunday last, thirteen lives had been wholly extinguished by the football games of this short season. Two of them were college players, four of them high school players; 152 serious injuries had been reported; 96 of these were college players, 42 were high school players. Many of these injuries "maimed the players for life," and they included 14 broken legs, 6 broken arms, 18 broken collar bones, 3 broken jaws, 4 concussions of the brain, 2 broken skulls, 7 torn ligaments, 13 dislocated shoulders, and 8 broken noses. The last seven years' record foots up to 111 deaths in all. The deaths this year already come within one of reaching the death roll of last year, although this is the year of "humanized football."

We are aware that this protest, however seriously and earnestly urged, will be met, even by the great majority of UNITY readers, with a good-natured smile, as the utterances of an old fogy or a ministerial crank incapable of entering into the new life of the twentieth century or of understanding the inspirations of the un-Puritanized. But notwithstanding, we propose to continue our protest against what seems to us to be the despiritualizing and demoralizing distractions of student life through the fierce competitive athleticism so much in vogue. The fine balance between brain and brawn, between thought and muscle, is a quest altogether commendable. But this balance is as much menaced, to say the least, by overstrain as by neglect.

But these are questions for the physician; the problems of the moralist are more clear. Somewhere in Chicago on that boisterous Thursday night was another young lady student, also beautiful, bright and talented, who refused the gallant escort of the man she most loved rather than be party to such boisterous, unrefining excitements. She preferred instead the joys of the study hour and the inspirations of the poets. We know not where she lives or what her name is, but to her belongs collegiate honors and to her cup will come collegiate peace and joy. Somewhere in this great land there is a college president who prefers academic serenity, classic thoughtfulness and the democracy that belongs to student life to the advertisement and the publicity, the hot enthusiasm that is secured for an institution of learning by a display of brawn, a mastery over the tactics of physical prowess and the strategic war of strength. We know not where such a president is. Wherever he is, he probably must needs preside over an institution decimated, to the despair of the college treasurer, but to him belongs the fight. Indeed, we are not sure of the threatened decrease of attendance, for here comes Columbia University, which last year withdrew from intercollegiate contests, with evidence of growing at-

tendance, increasing efficiency of college spirit, the joy and pride of the campus.

At any rate, we repeat, Thanksgiving is a good time to discriminate between the realities and the seemings of virtue.

Moncure D. Conway

A PRELUDE, BY WM. M. SALTER, BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, IN HANDEL HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24.

A picturesque figure in modern religious life has passed away. Moncure D. Conway was a man of letters and had close contact with most of the eminent literary men of the last two generations in both England and America; he published largely, wrote essays, travels, "Lives"; yet religion was his central interest and theme—and to the end he kept something of the attitude and fervor of the preacher.

The significant thing about him is that he traveled, was a pilgrim, in the things of the spirit. A Virginian by birth, the son of a slave-holder, a "fire-eater" himself, he came to hate slavery. Emerson's Essays awoke his religious nature and made him a Methodist preacher (the only kind that lay within his horizon as a possibility at the time); but he moved on from Methodism to Untarianism—then from Unitarianism to Theism—and later he left Theism for a broader outlook. He followed the scientific developments of the last century, shifted his point of view as Agassiz, Lyell, Darwin, came to the fore, and remodeled his theology accordingly. The spirit of truth was in him and led him—something greater than any special "truths." Yes, the spirit of humanity and of right was also in him—and this more than any special social or moral views.

One of his most interesting books is *The Earthward Pilgrimage* (published in 1870, when he was minister of South Place Chapel, London). It is a modern *Pilgrim's Progress,* not from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, but from the World to Come to the World which Is. Some faithful Christian has written on the fly-leaf of the Public Library copy I have been reading, "Infidel work,"—as a warning to the unwary. It pictures the veritable and conscious spiritual pilgrimage of Moncure Conway. One of its texts is a dialogue with Confucius:

"Ke Loo asked about serving the spirits of the dead. The Master said, 'While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?' Ke Loo added, 'I venture to ask about death.' He was answered, 'While you do not know life, how can you know about death?' "

Conway felt the call to know life, and the needs of life made a tremendous appeal to him. He had a sense of the evil in the world. The schools of philosophy have eliminated Satan, but the scientific counterpart of Satan—the perils and passions in man's breast, the diseases, agonies and desolations in society, —he knew and recognized; and this actual Satan he fought without mercy. The humanitarian reforming note began with his espousing Unitarianism. What he was really aiming at was a new world, beginning with the abolition of slavery—a world free from Slavery, War Superstition, Ignorance—this was his ideal; and these the great evils that weighed down his soul. As he got deeper into the contest he broke with Emersonian optimism and the Unitarian ideas of God. He thought they lamed the soul, made it trust where it ought to fight. Even the ordinary evolutionist confidence he parted with—the forces of natural selection must be controlled, or supplanted by human selection, he urged. At the last the Cosmos came almost to wear a gloomy air to his mind—so strong did the forces of evil, the blind forces of the universe, seem. And yet he fought to the end. When I read of the anti-slavery times in his pages, those who now dare to take up the labor or social questions seem to tread a bed of roses. The division of families, the splitting of churches, violence and threats, were common—and imminent was the shadow of war. Conway played a man's part in the struggle —here and in England. It was an altogether peculiar part—he hated slavery, yet war was to him worse than slavery; he called our war a "damnable, double-tongued war"—in view of the way the negro was treated in it and has been since.

Conway felt that the great issue now was the war against war. He did not believe in civilized warfare more than in any other kind—indeed, he said there was no such thing as civilized warfare. He berated us for our Cuban war, President Cleveland for his threatenings in behalf of Venezuela, and rejoiced in the defeat of militarism and the French army in the Dreyfus case. Indeed, he was in Paris when death overtook him, in the interests of the "Peace" propaganda.

Whatever we think of his judgments in detail, let us give honor to this brave soldier, this militant pilgrim, as now he lays his armor down and has reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage. The closing words of his *Autobiography* sum up the stress of his life and embody his matured religious conceptions:

"Implora pace, O my reader, from whom I now part. Implore peace, not of deified thunderclouds, but of every man, woman, child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer, 'Give peace to our time,' but do thy part to answer it! Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee."

The Three Monkeys of Nikko

The group of the three monkeys of Nikko is one of the oldest bits of carving in the world. They are carved over the door of the stable of the Sacred Horse.

In the land of the Island Kingdom,
'Mid Shinto temple and shrine,
Where the lights of a thousand altars
To a thousand false gods shine,
There is carved an odd, quaint lesson,
Wondrously cut in the wood—
The three wise monkeys of Nikko,
Who hear, see, speak, but the good!

O'er the door of the sacred stable
They sit in their wisdom, the three—
The little deaf monkey, the little dumb monkey,
The monkey who will not see!
With their eyes close shut to evil,
Ears that hear only the right,
The lips that are dumb to scandal,
They sit in their silent might!

In the land of the Island Kingdom,
'Mid Shinto temple and shrine,
Comes again from the Eastern manger,
A message of truth divine.
Though they bow their heads to Kwanon,
Where the lotus of Nikko nods,
Yet this is the lesson they send us
From the land of a thousand gods!

—*Pauline Carrington Bouvé.*

"Pleasure is as legitimate as prayer; it has in its place as great a function in life; it is in its way as necessary to true growth and development."

THE PULPIT

What is the True Immortality?

BY J. GEORGE FREDERICK.

It is an old, old problem. Solomon, Job, Hamlet—all the voices of humanity have asked it of the unanswering stars, and many ask it today.

What is the answer? It must either be yes or no—to be or not to be; there is no middle ground possible. The men of religious emotion cry out passionately that there *must* be immortality. They point to the pitiful incompleteness of our lives, to man's premonitions of more perfect states, to the wonderful conscious spirit of man, and to the rational need for the justification of a true life—and they ask for no further proof.

Those thinkers of a more exacting type, on the other hand, who clear-headedly perceive no demonstrable evidence of a future life in the known laws of matter, heroically put the hope of immortality away, or leave it to the uncertain, yet beautiful trustfulness of faith.

And a great body of others cling unquestioningly to the age-old definitions of many theologies, or else are perplexed into erratic conceptions of life beyond the inscrutable curtain of death. Where, then, in all this labyrinth of passionate assertion, denial and dream-building shall we find the narrow dividing line between truth and error; and how, in the searching consciousness of our souls, reach to a realization of immortality as it is in eternal reality?

Yes, it is true that in our glow of life the thought of a cessation of consciousness is a harsh and uninspiring idea. It is true that life disappoints our spiritual ambitions, and that we yearn for an opportunity to perfect and realize them. It is true that the idea that a human soul should count for naught and be hopelessly annihilated is utterly unthinkable. *Yes,* it *must* be true that our souls—all that is highest in us—share immortality in some way. It is utterly stifling to think that this pathetically incomplete life, with its creaking, inexorable iron wheels of law-driven necessity, is the last limit of our influence.

The eternal night and silence reigning beyond death is shudderingly terrible to many of us, unsweetened by a spiritual justification. The rough annihilation of these glorious personalities, these sensitive, tender, yearning, up-reaching spirits seems irrational, unfair, pitiful. That goodness will not in some way be rewarded, that our sins and errors and wasted opportunities must stand representing us forever, is a harsh goad to us. And bridging the chasm of our reason with our wonderful human faith, many of us cry out that we must be —*are*—immortal; without understanding, without knowing, without having fortitude to look further into the problem.

And so philosophy finds us, huddled like sheep under many varying faith-shelters, or out in the open, facing stoically what seem to be nature's threats of disaster to us.

But why need it be so? Whether or not we are immortal, must not our nature, by the very laws which created and evolved them, be regulated not only to endure the exact truth, but also to receive its very highest spiritual impetus from it?

If there is an immortality, it must of necessity be a rational immortality, fitting perfectly into the nature of things, and be the logical interpretation of and evolution from them. It must give meaning to the aims of the soul, be as simple and undogmatic as nature—must be as real and as natural as life, confiicting with nothing, explaining everything, aligning itself with every fundamental, and be as inspiring to reason as it is to emotion.

Closely examining ourselves, therefore, and making a heroic effort to peer through our structures of uncritical faith and our disorganized reasoning—an effort which will aim to study the question of immortality with as lofty disinterestedness as we are capable of—and what will present itself to us?

Of course, it will not take long to agree that bodily resurrection is quite out of the question—and that, indeed, any material conception of future life is very *naive* and primitive, if not barbaric. It is not our bodies for which we desire immortality, we quite all agree; it is immortality of *the soul* which we would like to understand and be assured of.

But here we must already begin to tread softly, for in the name of the soul many vague and mystical contrivances and misunderstandings have grown up. There will be no help in persisting in the assertion that the soul is a stranger abiding temporarily within us, and of alien birth. As George Santayanna says,

"The soul is not on earth an alien thing
That hath her life's rich sources otherwhere."

There is nothing rational except faith to back this up, and the disclosures of conservative science are all the time building up heavy logic against the idea that there is a separate entity abiding within us having an independence of its own.

The certainty that all forms of life and matter, in cell form, has purposing will and is constantly making moral choice of the same kind as we, makes the vision of Wordsworth a scientific reality, that everything which possesses life possesses also soul and spirit; and demonstrates that the difference between human life and other life is a difference of degree, but not of kind —that soul is everywhere, in stones and trees as well as in man.

The scientific picture of ourselves is that of a wonderfully evolved aggregation of cells, much advanced beyond other forms of life about us, and pushing constantly upward in the scale of nerve-sensibility, until our delicate *awareness* can attempt to embrace the spiritual meaning of the whole universe, abstractly, and get in harmony with its purpose. And the significance of it lies in that all its progress in spirit is a progress away from the personal ego and the material, up toward a great spiritual universality, none other than God. The organism had no thought but for itself in primitive days, then thought for family, then for tribe, for country, for mental unity and now for world-wide spiritual unity and amity—all these steps leading ever *away from the individual, the personal ego.*

It can be stated as a psychological and sociological fact that the position in the scale of civilization of any people is accurately fixed by the degree of concern they have for their fellow beings, and consequently, the degree of self-effacement and coöperation practiced.

It can be shown historically also that as the race grew away from its intense egoism and concern for its own bodily welfare its feverish concern for immortality grew steadily less. Several centuries ago the fear of fire and brimstone after death was one of the foremost things in the consciousness of men, and influenced their actions mightily, until the most astoundingly fanatical pages of history were made by it. Today, though the general standard of morality and altru-

See UNITY for September 13, 1906.

ism is higher, immortality, as Dr. Wm. Osler pointed out not long ago, is a negligent factor as a determining influence on life. It is still a deeply interesting subject, but it is no longer intensely vital. Humanity is becoming more concerned in living life more ideally than in speculation as to how we will fare after death.

All of which I offer in support of my assertion that our spiritual reach is widening with great strides, and the importance of our individual ego, *except as an agent for universal uplift,* is steadily diminishing. Human desire, the motor of all thought and action, is shifting its object. Its supreme desire is no longer continuation of self, but continuation and increase of goodness, truth and beauty in the world—in the universe.

Our relation to others and to life in general has become more vital than self-preservation—thanks to the triumph of the Christian idea. To love is greater than to exist. Personal gratification is naught compared with service to mankind and general human progress. To add to the universal, impersonal stock of spirituality and love in the world, and its expression in acts and works, is relatively more important than the welfare of any individual organism, or anything that dies with it, for it will tell upon untold generations and profoundly affect all future human destiny. We are most useful to the highest purposes of the universe when we *give* most, not when we *get* most, though getting is a necessity, to a certain degree.

In the light of spirituality, therefore, the individual organism, in its lowest as well as highest phases, is *a means* to a general end of nature, not wholly an end in itself. It dare not be forgotten that the individual has always his own indefeasible worth; but that worth possesses no value to anything *outside* itself, *until it makes itself valuable to things outside itself.* Therefore a man may make himself a hermit and count his life worth a great deal; but unless he makes that worth valuable to God or his fellow man, his self-estimated value, large or small, dies with his last gleam of consciousness. For if he does not make himself of value to some consciousness outside his own there is no criterion of value left when he dies.

Therefore the act of giving, loving, doing and all the things which are valuable to fellow human beings, is practically *propagating* ourselves; for there are such things as children of the soul, as well as children of the body, as Plato long ago sagely taught us. Worth needs something outside of itself to give it value, just as it is impossible to fix the location of anything without relation to the things surrounding it.

It is not difficult to see, therefore, that our only real and true worth consists in our value to God and our fellow man—that everything else dies. And yet such is the refining influence of advancing spirituality that the individual gets his highest pleasure and happiness in this spiritual propagation—which is only again analagous to the same truth about physical propagation.

Now, then, appreciating these truths about the human spirit, we will be prepared to come a little closer to an understanding of an immortality that is consistent with the deepest modern spirituality.

I do not anticipate that many readers will dispute my effort to show that human worth must have value to God or mankind before it can live beyond the grave. Where I expect to have difficulty with my more orthodox readers is in determining *the nature* of God. Even the most orthodox belief in immortality must start from the assumption that the individual has value to God, and it is to the orthodox that my definition of God will, at first, rouse most objection. To those who read my essay, "What is God?"* the basis of my position will be familiar; likewise to those who are familiar with enlightened European religious thought, and with the conviction of many thoughtful Americans. I have not the audacity, if I had the justification, to announce a completely new idea of God. There cannot be such a thing.

The first idea necessary to put aside is that God is a person. Even the Bible proclaims that he is *a spirit;* and once understand Christ's words as coming from a human being like ourselves, with no advantage over us except what he did and thought for himself, and Christ will bring wonderful testimony about what God is. When he says, John 10:38, "Though ye believe me not, believe my works, that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me and I in him." We have so long been accustomed to thinking that these words apply only to christ that we have completely overlooked Christ's true meaning—that it applied to *all* men as well as to himself.

This testimony is almost all-sufficient, if understood, as to idea of God I desire to keep in view in following the search for true immortality. God is truth, beauty and goodness, love and will—all there exists of it, and we—all the individualities of the universe, human or otherwise—are God, because through us, and through us alone, can God bring more and riper fruits of the spirit into the universe. He is not located in any specific corner of the heavens, and can't be measured, seen, touched or heard, because love and truth and his other elements are not touchable or measurable. They are not *things,* they are *attitudes;* and therefore, like individuals, they must have relation to something or they have no existence. Our idea of God springs from a reaching out for the highest that we can conceive of; it is the *reaching out which is the God,* not the image we form of what we are reaching for.

In other words God is as necessary to me as I am to him. Not that God would die if the human race died—but God would die when *all* life died, for all life must have God—that is, must reach out, grow, have some relation to the life around it, either of love or hate, beauty or ugliness, truth or deception. And God is that relation, good and evil all together. There can be no solution of the origin of things, for God was born simultaneously with life, and we know as much about the origin of things as God does. God is that other part of us which is in unity with the general spirit and purpose of life. When we exercise our will, God simultaneously exercises his will, for the two are one. God is as many-natured as ourselves—therefore the seemingly utter neglect, cruelty and evil for which God, in the old conception as a managing Deity, was held responsible. *He* is not responsible; *we,* as constituting Him, are responsible.

To those people who ask, "Who created the universe, if not an all-powerful God?" and think that this question proves me wrong, I need only say that it can also be reasonably asked, "Who made such a God?"

Woefully many of us make the same mistake about God that Socialists and others make about government and "society"—blaming these artificial independent wills and personalities with our *own* individual guilt. Society is nothing but the obedient, representative will of the people. God is only the collective will of life—and life, let it be understood, embraces everything we can conceive of. There is nothing lifeless in the universe; therefore nothing which is without an attitude, without soul, without God. Even when the last sun be-

comes cold and frigid, life, holding in embryo and nucleus all that can come after and all that has gone before, will still be there, taking some kind of an attitude to its environment, and therefore carrying God with it in all His glory.

To those who may be repelled by such an idea of God, at first, let me point out that such a God, and such a God only, is the very triumph and consummate realization of pure spirit; and when taken into the mind as well as into the heart, will give a meaning and an impetus and a fellowship to life which is utterly boundless in inspiration. What deified contrivance of the imagination could give more courage and calm and fellowship in a crisis than the simple, unadorned knowledge that everlasting *truth* is back of us? It is knowledge of having acted with the very highest conceptions of truth and love which has and is ever the sweetest comfort, the supreme reward; and it is knowledge of *not* having acted thus which is the strongest condemnation, the most poignant tormentor. Take from the idea of God the support of truth, love and beauty and there is nothing but a grotesque shell left; but take from truth, love and beauty and fantastic clothes and personality which common theology gives to God, and you only enhance and heighten and purify their magnificence.

Now, of course, truth, love and beauty, as we know them, are purely relative terms. They could not be otherwise than so, because they are infinite, come from infinity and are moving toward infinity. We, as individuals are their momentary expressions in time's reality. We are their present compromise with life's concrete conditions, and for the present *are* them. We are a relay of fresh organisms carrying the momentous heritage of wonderfully organized life-consciousness from the post-house of birth to the post-house of death —there to yield the precious freight, with what we have added or subtracted in a lifetime, to yet another and a fresher relay. The organism and its functional operations are nothing more than the post-horses to the message—their usefulness and importance dies when the span of their relay has been run, and their ratio of value consists only in what they have passed on, and how, into the life which outreaches theirs.

Now, just as a post-road has a direction between two post-houses, which links to the general direction of the post, so the heritage of life which we hold in our care has a general direction. That direction, taken as instinctively as the flight of migrating birds, is none other than the attitudes of truth, beauty and love (and their opposites), and this direction, these attitudes, these aims, these yearnings and instincts are the very breath and soul of God. Desert these directions, these attitudes, and we desert God; follow them with every capacity of our functional organisms and we serve God as God can be served. We have faith in God in exactly the measure that we have faith in the triumph of love and truth; we love God only as we love progress in character-building, development of knowledge and practice of justice, mercy, purity and sweet reasonableness and duty in relation to our fellow human beings.

With this conception of God made vital and real to us, the matter of immortality almost solves itself. It gives a new meaning to personality, and personality is the cause for which immortality exists. Personality can no longer be considered a consciousness able to exist without the body, for in seeking the soul we have found that it is God, and further, that it is a will and an attitude which has no significance when it no longer has a functional organization to work with—just as the functional organism has no significance unless it has a will and an attitude.

We are not a body, we are a spirit, all belonging to one great spirit. What makes us different, what gives us personality, is our flesh and blood, and the material conditions of life. When death shall come to our bodies, the spirit, the eternal energy that was in us, will not be lost, but live in the concrete acts that it did, which affect other souls.

If this still does not satisfy the reader, it is possible —as it ought to be possible if it is truth—to prove it from other directions. What do we call personality in ourselves and others? Do we not acquire individuality from our own peculiar make-up of tastes, likes and dislikes, weaknesses and strengths, relations to fellow men, our occupation, etc.—all proceeding absolutely from the material make-up of our bodies and the things around us? Does not our character or our weakness of character consist in nothing but our *attitude* toward life—courageous, loving sincere, hateful, deceitful, etc.? Take away the things, these material things, and our family relations, which are merely the accidents of flesh, and all the other necessities of a finite world, and what remains of personality? Simply nothing but the spirit, which means *the attitude;* and as soon as life dies, it ceases to take this attitude. To keep alive an attitude you must keep alive that which makes the attitude; and when that which makes the attitude ceases to exist, the attitude necessarily ceases also. A shadow implies something which makes the shadow, and cannot exist without it.

Spirit or soul, therefore, is simply the attitude, the God, in us, taking a relation to our physical organism first, and then to everything else which comes in touch with us. Even in common language, when attempting to describe personality, we cannot do better than to say "his way of looking at things"—the very wording of which phrase proves that personality is that *attitude* of love or hate, optimism or pessimism, sincerity or deception which the life, the consciousness of a person has toward himself and his surroundings.

Now, then, to think of personality existing without the bodily person or the things around it, is as impossible, when you come to do it, as to think of a reflection from a mirror existing without either the mirror or the light to reflect it. Two things make our attitude (which is our soul and the God in us) our inheritance from the wonderful human past, and what this life adds to or subtracts from it. The directing power over both heredity and environment is our will—the great progressing power which is the very soul of the soul. Yet the tiniest speck of so-called dead matter has also a will—and only lacks humanity's *machine,* body and brain, in order to equal humanity in progress.

The whole world of life is busy with its will, building a better organic machine—the strongest wills organizing other wills under themselves; until in human civilization we have the spectacle of practically a whole planet subdued to man's will; and man's will organized, or being organized, by the superior wills of individuals, almost into one universal will—to love and to progress spiritually.

The individual is mortal—*except* as it generates love or spiritual progress, and when it has generated it, it is no longer completely its own—it belongs to the universe; just as the product of a machine belongs to the machine only until it is completed. *And the product is the personality of the machine, for the machine was shaped to make the product.*

I believe that the things I have laid before my readers will help to establish that all that is immortal is life and death, love and hate, in general, and all their attributive attitudes and aspects. I believe that what I have shown about the nature of immortality is not only logic, but it is spirituality—it appeals not only to reason, but as well to the highest and purest aspirations. Says William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," "Some men are disinterested enough to be in the unsaved remnant as far as their persons go, if they can only be persuaded that *their causes* will prevail—*all* of us are willing whenever our excitement-activity rises sufficiently high."

Ah, in a crisis we get above the egotizing influence of our bodies and our vision clarifies, and we see realities as they truly are—that we as mere individuals and personalities are but the integers in the great sum which is alone worth while. Alone we are nothing; loving, living and working in relation to love and truth and beauty we may be the very deification of God.

It was not a prudent quest for personal preservation for which Bruno, Socrates, Copernicus, Pericles, Anaxagorus, Aristotle, Savanarola, Huss and Wycliff suffered persecution: it was an ideal of truth and love and progress, in the furtherance of which their individualities were merely humble, decayable agents. It is in service such as this, for the impersonal cause of truth and beauty and goodness, that the human soul reaches the highest peaks of its achievement, and indicates the goal toward which all humanity will—*must*—follow if it will progress.

Instead of being an inspiring belief, the doctrine of personal immortality, whether it take the form of a belief in bodily resurrection, or transmigration, or a mystical continuation of consciousness under some form, is really a very poison to life, striking at the foundation of character and spiritual progress. It shifts the incentive to action *from* this life, to a stultified waiting upon a *future* opportunity to carry out earthly ideals, and develops a supercilious attitude to the stern tasks of today.

It is not the future which holds promise, it is the *now*—even Christ preached it, when he said, with patient reiteration (Mark 12:27), "He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye therefore do greatly err."

What then is immortality? It is spiritual, impersonal, transcendental. In humanity collectively it is the race-mind. In the words of Professor Woodberry: "History is mortal: it dies. Yet it does not altogether die. Elements, features, fragments of it survive and enter into the general mind of the race, and are there transfigured, and—as we say—spiritualized." Out of the heart of the race's history rise the peaks marking great individual achievements, sacrifices, self-effacements, brave toilings for more life, more love, more truth and progress. The millions of non-risking, self-preserving individuals are sunk far below the level of sight; but the great souls who had no thought for self are the individuals whose personalities, with paradoxical significance, are the most perfectly preserved in peaks which will never fade out of human perspective.

What mystic glory and reward beyond the grave for Christ's senses and the appetites could even faintly approach the satisfaction of his sure intuitive knowledge that his words were truth, and for that reason, not because of his own connection with them, they would Tuesday Class in Religion cmfwy cmfw vbgkq xzfiflff live to the end of time? He served truth, and in the service counted himself as naught, and in so doing he served God, for the two are identical.

And in a lesser way these things are true of the humblest individual who lives. It is both a vanity and a false reasoning for the human spirit to desire immortality in order to complete or re-live its ideals. There is no human being so miserable and poor who cannot, here and now, make his life rich with eternal worth. As love is simply an attitude toward life, it is as accomplishable as stretching the hands out to take food. And to ask for escape from justice in this world for living a mistaken, worthless life, by asking for lenience in another world, is both paradoxical and cowardly. If false ideals have been replaced by true ones after wasted years, let the soul prove its sincerity and greatness by rising to the height of soul necessary to accept the relentless situation and make the most of *remaining* years.

There has been too much whining, and self-coddling in the philosophy of common theology, and because the race is made of sterner stuff than that, common theology is becoming effete. If soul is the high thing that we believe it, it is equal to the high altitudes which life asks of it, in any circumstances, and come out of the trial the victor, with rich spiritual spoils. Anything which seeks to justify an apathetic condition of the human will, and sentimentally seeks to cushion its contact with reality is unworthy of the inspiring annals of human achievement under difficulty.

What is personal immortality to the sturdy human soul? In exact proportion to its worthiness to live forever, it will *not seek* to continue itself forever, except in the form of impersonal love and service, however humble. To those who plead physical and other misfortune, as a barrier to the fulfillment of their soul's hope, which it is desired of immortality to remove, by a continuation of self, I would point out that the highest fruits of the spirit and the widest influence is within the reach of the most hopeless cripple. Indeed, it is an object lesson in human history that some of the best human inspiration has come from those so situated that they seemed to have ample justification to wring their hands in despair, and wait for a vague other world to "give them a chance." And the names written in life's history are but a small few of those who have and are in a smaller way, demonstrating the wonderful supremacy and possibility of the spirit despite insuperable obstacles, and who are an everlasting inspiration to all who come in contact with them, be they few or many. There are many people who are driven to desire a future life, in the usual materialistic sense, because of a plain fear of death. It is perfectly natural that life cannot understand death, or consciousness understand unconsciousness. But death and unconsciousness are nothing to fear. Physicians' statistics have proved that the large majority of deaths are painless and as smooth and natural as the fading of day into night. To the man who has lived his span, and whose conscience is at rest with memories of a life of love and service, death comes as normally, as beautifully as birth.

Again, to those who fear for moral justice unless there is punishment and reward hereafter, I need only point to the curious discovery of the English and French statisticians, that practically every criminal is religious in a strongly orthodox way; also that many of the greatest examples of greed and graft in modern times among the intelligent classes have been notoriously by men who are orthodoxly religious—even to being Sunday school superintendents, in a few cases.

Even a notion of diabolical torment hereafter did not prevent the grossest of mediæval crimes, even among the very churchmen themselves.

The only safe justice in morality must come from the life which uses the standard of morality. Life is its own best justification, and its system of reward and punishment is the surest and most inexorably just one. There is no torment like the torment of conscience outraged. There is no retribution more certain and inflexible and just than the results of the infraction of natural law. The greatest moral and religious educator is life and living and learning. The most uplifting communion is communion with truth and love, sweet reason and beauty in every higher manifestation.

These intimations of immorality which we have are not the intimations of a prolongation of sense reflex and consciousness in some vague other sphere; they are the intimations of a glorious impersonal immorality of love and progress; an inkling, a divining, of a ripening of that human spirituality which is this day in our care, like a half-opened rose in our hand. And looking at it with all that love of life and perfection which the highest intuitions in us will unselfishly prompt, the knowledge that the only true immortality is what of our succor and sap we give to this unfolding future spirituality, will furnish us with an impetus of will and joy in our tasks which ten thousand theologies of a future life could not give. The words of Paul are startling in corroboration of this: "To live is Christ; to die is gain." Instead of a heaven of gratification of our individual desires, a wonderful vista, prophetic of the future, will open before us, where, because of our life and love, will flower the exquisite perfection of human spirit; and, in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson—

"There amid the world new builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tales of how we died."

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

G. Bernard Shaw Again.

The American nation has often been the target for European criticism. It is nothing new to us to have our political institutions, our *modus vivendi*, our Americanism dissected and analyzed by astute foreigners. Sometimes we sit up and take notice, more often not. During the past week another broadside was launched at us, this time by the English critic, G. Bernard Shaw. Others have chastised us with whips, but Shaw has used scorpions. Under the caption, "A Nation of Villagers," in a current magazine Shaw has most cleverly drawn a new picture of our "political imbecility." Aside from its Shawesqueness—which means crispness of phrase, the ever-present unexpected turn, wit, raillery and satire—the article contains an element of truth that is entitled to serious consideration. For example, the economist may well ponder the following: "Things in America will have to get worse before they get better. Socialism is the remedy; but Socialism is only possible where Individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbor's." In view of recent financial upheavals, anti-administration attacks and other disturbances on the surface of our body politic, Shaw's invective, though indifferently received by the press, as the critic anticipated, is not untimely.

Government Issue of Bonds and Certificates.

Quick action by the Secretary of the Treasury at the instance of the President resulted a few days ago in an offering to the general public of $50,000,000 of Panama canal bonds and $100,000,000 of interest-bearing short-term treasury notes, as a means of restoring public confidence and relieving the money stringency. It seems to be a well-established fact that countless sums of money (one statistician estimates the amount to be much more than a billion dollars) have been withdrawn from active circulation by timorous depositors and "hoarders." To restore to its normal channels some portion of this currency is the prime purpose of the government's action. That it has succeeded is attested by the semi-official announcements that the banks generally will shortly resume full payment without restriction. Confidence in the government's stability and credit is our national safeguard, the "open sesame" to the stocking and the safety deposit box of the thrifty but unsophisticated. The latter cannot be blamed, however, for preferring U. S. 2s to Something Else 6s, about which they have small opportunity to get information. Some sort of currency legislation, the long-standing need of which has been specially emphasized by the present "prosperity panic," will doubtless be considered by the incoming Congress. Several remedial proposals have been made by financial experts already.

Justice Brewer.

Anti-Rooseveltism seems to be focussed in the East. While there were many who appear to have countenanced if they did not applaud Justice Brewer's unwarranted and undignified impeachment of the President last week at a public gathering in New York, yet we are inclined to the belief that the nation at large repudiates Mr. Justice Brewer's utterances, and suggests that he restrain himself. Such license of speech on the part of high government officials, to say nothing of the fact that an honorable position on the supreme bench calls for special reserve, conservatism and dignity, is always subversive of governmental authority and one of the weaknesses of our republican form of government. The spectacle of a supreme Court justice soiling his ermine in the mire of personal spite is not an elevating one, and is calculated to drive us to reread Bernard Shaw's "A Nation of Villagers" with painful but deeper interest.

Chairman Gary.

A noteworthy interview of recent date with Chairman Gary of the steel corporation reveals one of the chief reasons for the popularity of that institution and the comparative stability in price of its securities through the present crisis. He is reported as saying: "Too many men have learned too late that the friendship of the public and the confidence of one's competitors are the most desirable elements in business. . . . It is the policy of the steel corporation not to crush competition by fair or foul means. . . . We believe conditions will be better with healthy rivalry." There was a time when the word corporation did not connote any such sentiments.

Chicago Milk.

The State's Attorney's office in Chicago is busying itself with an inquiry as to whether an illegal combination exists between the milk shippers and milk dealers. Nothing startling has yet been adduced by way of evidence, but the probe may yield something in time. Unless based on reasons that are more substantial than at present appear the advance in the price of milk which the suffering public has had to endure this fall does not appear to be just.

Rockefeller Institute.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City has been permanently established and endowed. The founder's latest gift of more than $2,000,000 makes possible an institute similar in many respects to the famous Pasteur Institute in Paris, which has done so much for the advance of medical science. Fresh impetus will be given to new lines of investigation, and America will now be enabled to share with Paris and Vienna the honors of the search after some of the elusive mysteries that are baffling the science of medicine.

Football.

The fall athletic season closed with a flourish with the football games of last Saturday. The games that attracted the widest attention perhaps were Harvard vs. Yale in the East and Chicago University vs. the Carlisle Indians in the West. In the latter game the "aborigines" displayed throughout a superiority in speed and craftiness over the sons of the conquerors of their ancestors that suggested at once the familiar characteristics of a race whose name is bound to be perpetuated in the Constitution if not elsewhere. Twenty thousand spectators witnessed the game. From the manifestation of approval and interest it is evident that the new rules of football, requiring more "open play" and spectacular activity, have commended themselves unqualifiedly to the sport-loving public. P. S. W.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Cause for Thanksgiving

As we come again to the annual feast day and pause to "count o'er our blessings," there is one note of melody which is ever potent and persistent in all the songs of "harvest home." If there has been a year of famine or of pestilence or of any kind of trial, the one supreme cause of thanksgiving, as present blessings are contemplated, is that friends and loved ones are present and the comfort and blessedness of this fellowship is an abiding source of gratitude. If it has been a year of fruitfulness and success, of large harvests and increasing prosperity, the one thing still needful is the presence of the friends who will share in the joy and join in the thankful song. The normal man or woman cannot enjoy the fullest measure of prosperity and success unless there be those who share it with him and make merry over the abundant harvest. There may be a few small souls who imagine themselves happier because others are destitute of that which they have in abundance, but these are few, and moreover even they are like the rest of humanity in finding their joy lessened by the consciousness of some friendship lost, some old fellowship destroyed, by the experiences of the year.

The truth is, even in this commercialized and money-mad age, even in this day of concentrated individualism, men are keenly aware that somehow their destinies are bound up with that of the social order to which they belong, and that real thanksgiving is impossible except in and because of their social relations.

The Congress of Religion is one small part of a great movement in social religion, characterized by a spirit of fellowship, of brotherliness, of unity, of co-operation, shall we not say—a spirit of Christlikeness, which is more and more coming to manifest itself, which is attuned to this most potent and persistent note in our thanksgiving melody, and which is really the greatest reason for thanksgiving that *all* the people have ever had.

There may not seem much room for thanksgiving in a church which is divided into one hundred and forty camps, or at least opposing forces largely fighting for the same bone, and hindering rather than helping each other; but if the spirit of the times and the events of the hour are making possible—nay are making inevitable, the practical co-operation of virtually all these forces for the common needs and the great ideals of humanity, then there is room and reason for profound thanksgiving as there is ground for a faith in the coming of the Kingdom of love and peace, of justice and righteousness, of goodness and God.

It will be a glad Thanksgiving Day in our lives if we disregard the boundaries of creed and politics and finance and find simple fellowship with any of the children of the Infinite who are traveling this one pathway unto the Kingdom of our common Father, and henceforth agree to work and pray with them and with many more beside, for the transformation of all this human society into the real human helpfulness God meant.

C. A. O.

THE STUDY TABLE

Freedom in the Church*

The title of this book might lead one to expect a discussion concerning the duty of the Christian church in this time of free scientific investigation and of bold inquiry into even the most sacred and hitherto unquestioned dogmas. A perusal of the work, however, is disappointing to these expectations; it is not to the solution of any such large problem that the author would make contribution.

The book is in reality a kind of apologetic essay in the interests of certain practices common in the Episcopal church, and as such will interest mainly those in that communion. The author (who is already well known as the biographer of Phillips Brooks) feels that "the situation in the American Episcopal Church calls for serious consideration in the interests of theology and true religion." He raises, it is true, the question of "honesty in the recitation of the Creed," but seems at once to cut himself off from all sympathetic attention on the part of candid minds when he adds that "religion constitutes a department of life by itself, independent of science, or ethics, or philosophy." He gives a somewhat curious turn to the word freedom when he asserts in the next breath that "there is danger that the cause of religious freedom and of freedom of inquiry in religion may be retarded indefinitely unless the emphasis be again placed upon freedom, the one predominant motive of the Reformation in the sixteenth century which gave us the Book of Common Prayer."

What does he mean by freedom? Evidently, as the argument attempts to show, the right to place one's individual interpretation upon creeds and formularies to which the church still holds, "as summaries of the convictions of the Christian heart in past ages, as ties binding us to the one common Christian life and experience in every age." He occupies the remainder of the book mainly with a recital of history designed to illustrate the fact that there always have been variations in the interpretation of creeds, notably the Apostles' Creed, and that the Episcopal Church has always permitted this freedom of interpretation without being conscious that it involved dishonesty. Further than this, at considerable length, he attempts to point out the fluctuations in the interpretations of the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and argues that while he personally accepts it "as the miraculous or supernatural mode by which God became incarnate in Christ," yet he does not consider this to be a vital dogma.

In view of certain procedures within the Episcopal Church during recent months it is easy to see how such a book may serve an important purpose as an influence making for a larger freedom among Episcopalians. But for those who have already ceased to insist that religion is a thing absolutely apart from the rest of life and thought, and to require the assent to verbal statements of belief as a basis of church fellowship; in other words, to those who are already practicing religious freedom and in sympathy and trust are earnestly coöperating with all who are willing to work together in the spirit of Jesus Christ—to all such there will not be much of real suggestion in this book.

B. S. W.

*Freedom in the Church, by Alexander V. G. Allen. The Macmillan Co. New York, 1907.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Only a grain of sand my life may be,
But let it sparkle, Lord, with light of Thee!
MON.—God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed.
TUES.—The best fruit loads the broken bough.
WED.—Lord, sun my harvest, set it ripening
With sheaves in autumn thick as leaves in spring!
THURS.—Let me work now, while all eternity
With its large, seeming leisure waits for me.
FRI.—And I have walked with angels unawares,
And upward mounted, climbing over cares.
SAT.—A little touch of clasping hands might prove
Mightiest of all the languages of love.
—*Gerald Massey.*

The Green Singing Book

I don't know how to read the words,
Nor how the black things go.
But if you stand it up, and sing,
You never have to know.

The music sounds alike each time
When grown-up people play;
And every time I sing myself,
It sounds a different way.

And when I've sung the book all through
And every page all round,
I stand it upside down and sing,
To hear how that will sound.

I sing how all the things outside
The window look at me;
The shiny wrinkles in the road,—
And then about my Tree.

I sing about the city, too;
The noises, and the wheels,
And windows blinking at the sun:—
I sing the way it feels.

And if a sparrow flies across,
I put him in the song.
I sing whatever happens in,
To make it last for long.

I sing about the things I think,
Of almost everything.
Sometimes I don't know what to think,
Till I begin to sing.
—*Josephine Preston Peabody, in Harper's Magazine.*

Catnip at the Menagerie

People who live in the country know well the herb called catnip. We have seen it produce exactly the effect described here on a pet cat that lived in the city, where it could not get the plant. Some time ago an armful of fresh catnip was picked and taken to Lincoln park to try its effect on the animals there. So far as is known catnip does not grow in the native homes of these animals, so it was the first time they had ever smelled it.

The scent of the plant filled the whole place, and as soon as it had reached the parrots' corner the two gaudily attired macaws set up a note that drowned thought and made for the side of the cage, poking their beaks and claws through. When the catnip was brought near them they became nearly frantic. They were given some, and devoured it, stem, leaf and blossom, with an avidity commensurate with the noise of their voices.

The keeper and the catnip carrier then made for the cage of Billy, the African leopard. Before the front of his cage was reached he had bounded from the shelf whereon he lay, apparently asleep, and stood expectant. A double handful of catnip was passed through to the floor of the den. Never was the prey of this African dweller in his wild state pounced upon more rapidly or with more absolute savage enjoyment. First Billy ate a mouthful of the catnip, then he lay flat on his back and wriggled through the green mass until his black-spotted yellow hide was filled with the odor. Then Billy sat on a bunch of the catnip, caught a leaf-laden stem up in either paw and rubbed his cheeks, chin, nose, eyes and head. He ate an additional mouthful or two, and then jumped back to his shelf, where he lay, the very picture of contentment.

In the tiger's cage there is a very young but full-grown animal. When this great, surly beast inhaled the first sniff of the catnip, he began to mew like a kitten. Prior to this, the softest note of his voice had been one which put the roar of the big maned South American lion to shame. That vicious tiger and his kindly dispositioned mate fairly reveled in the liberal allowance of the plant which was thrust into her cage. They rolled about in it and played together like six-weeks' old kittens. They mewed and purred, tossed it about, ate of it, and after getting about as liberal a dose as had Billy the Leopard, they likewise leaped to their respective shelves and blinked lazily at the sun.

The big lion, Major, was either too dignified or too lazy to pay more than passing attention to the bunch of catnip which fell to his lot. He ate a mouthful or two of it, licked his chops in a "that's not half bad" way, and then went back to his nap. The three baby lions quarreled over their allowance, and ate it every bit.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

A Mile of Pennies

Members of a Sunday school in one of the interior cities of Pennsylvania have adopted a novel method by which to raise money for the erection of an addition to the church for the accommodation of the Sunday school. The idea is an exemplification of the old adage, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

The object is to gather "a mile of pennies," and to do this each member has been provided with a narrow strip of paper. One side of the strip is divided into spaces just large enough to hold a penny each, and is covered with glue. The other side contains a description of the plan.

This description contains this announcement: "This foot brings us one step nearer the goal; if you miss your foot we come short." Each strip of paper will hold exactly sixteen pennies, and the members of the school are urged to stick their pennies on the strip of paper, and when it is full to turn it over to the treasurer of the fund and start another.

Will any of you undertake to tell me how many dollars there are in a mile of pennies? How would you go to work to find out?—*Exchange.*

The Dishes

Somebody didn't wipe the dishes dry!
How do I know? Because I saw them cry.
Yes, crying as they sat upon the shelves;
I saw them and they couldn't help themselves.

They made no noise; each plate was in its place;
But O, two tears were on the plater's face!
O, don't you think a little girl is mean
Whose dishes cry because they're not wiped clean?
—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

MODERNISM CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.—It is not many weeks since some of us were given an unforgettable glimpse of the soul of a catholic modernist in the address of Abbé Houtin at the Boston Congress, already reported in these columns. Today I find in *L'Avant Garde*, not indeed an address by Paul Sabatier on Catholic modernism, but some very interesting notes on that address from the pen of a Geneva correspondent of that Christian socialist paper. The address itself was delivered before a gathering of Christian university students of French Switzerland.

Of the speaker, his Swiss reporter says:

Mr. Paul Sabatier's words are eminently suggestive. He excels in giving one the perception of a state of soul, which he evokes with exquisite skill and a deep, sincere sympathy. But the soul state of the catholic modernist is not an easy one for us protestants to understand. For that matter, does this catholic soul, just awaking for the first time to the light of the scientific method, understand itself? Furthermore, are there not covered by this term modernist any number of degrees and even of quite distinct mentalities? Hence, notwithstanding the profound difference which exists between protestant and catholic in their manner of *living* religion, it is easier for a protestant, if an independent thinker and a sympathetic observer, to understand the catholic modernist than it would be for the latter to explain himself. Long in contact with the catholic world and endowed with the historic and psychologic sense, Mr. Paul Sabatier is in a better position than any one else to tell his co-religionists what the soul of the catholic modernist is like.

The modernist conscience is an individual conscience in travail. It will give birth to the collective conscience of the church of tomorrow and this through birth pangs known only to itself. This church of tomorrow will be a spiritual humanity, wherein all the old things we call authority, obedience, belief, unity, will have ceased to be dogmas and metaphysical theories to become practical realities under the form of a religious society living a spontaneous spiritual life and animated by a common conviction.

What will the church be on the morrow of this transformation, inward, groping, invisible and molecular as a chemical process? Logically the church would die of it, because the scientific method is the sense of reality which corrodes dogma, and the church is dogma. But logic is only an *a priori* which history ever contradicts anew, because before being an affair of dogma, the church is an affair of the heart and the heart has its reasons of which reason does not know. Dogma is not the church, but was its protecting garment for many centuries; today it is becoming more and more its straight-jacket or its gravestone, but we know what a gravestone amounts to when a god lies below. Rather, that there may seem nothing supernatural about the matter, let us recall what becomes of the kernel when the almond is in process of germination. In other words, the modernist catholic seems to us like the realization of the law of evolution proclaimed by Jesus Christ; he is not an "abolition" but a "fulfilment."

A second impression made upon us very strong in listening to Mr. Sabatier and to the very profitable discussion which followed his lecture, was that of the similarity of the present crisis for protestant and catholic. The crisis of the sixteenth century separated them, because it related to the seat of authority; on one side the Church, on the other the Bible interpreted by the individual conscience. The crisis of today reunites protestants and catholics and separates modernists on the one hand and dogmatists on the other, because it questions the very idea of authority and the character of religious knowledge. Today it concerns us to know whether this word authority, taken in its metaphysical and absolute sense, has anything to do with the religious sentiment and whether dogma be not a symbol merely without reality of its own, and whether metaphysical notions imposed by authority, and certain historic affirmations erected into dogmas, are the basis and foundation of the religious life and not rather the ever changing and always incomplete and correctable expression of it.

Here the pope joins hands with the orthodox protestants in condemning those who even transform the sense of the expression "religious truth" and who de-intellectualize it by recognizing as matter

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of knowledge and objective reality only what comes within the province of the scientific method. What distinguishes these two groups of the condemned, one from the other, is that the symbol is individual to the protestant, while it remains collective to the catholic modernist.

No doubt it seems that protestant individualism should be able to adapt itself better than can catholic collectivism to the scientific spirit, which is individualistic, because experimental, in its nature, but precisely because the religious sentiment, freed from dogma, reveals itself as a spontaneous force, social in character, and creative of symbols, it will be easier for it to embody itself characteristically in a church wherein the spirit of religious solidarity has gradually developed through the centuries under the protecting mantel of the dogma of authority, than it can be with the protestant "quite intoxicated with metaphysics" in the restricted and deliberate precincts of his religious and moral *ego*.

To be sure the protestant had the start of the catholic on the pathway of dogmatic enfranchisement, but if the catholic church, won in its turn by the modern spirit, should at length become aware that its most profound characteristic is not obedience to a so-called infallible authority but rather its "sense of moral cohesion" and of religious unity, there would be occasion to recall the prophecy of the Christ: "The last shall be first."

As for the protestant, he might then retire from the scene, saying of catholicism as John the Baptist said of Christ: "He must increase but I must decrease." He will have accomplished his mission enfranchizing spirits, and in proving the individual character of faith, he will have revealed to the church the true significance of the collective spiritual life. Protestantism possesses the ideal of unity, catholicism has always had its setting; from the union of these two may some day result the unity itself as a fact.

M. E. H.

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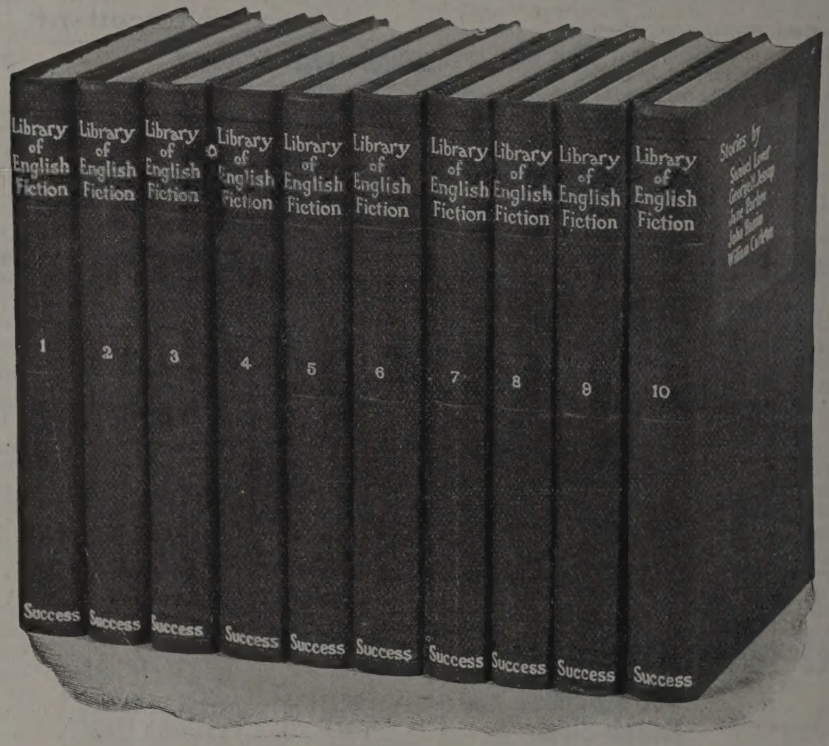

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